

shotgun shot through the heart by cathect

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Summary:

“Yeah,” Will says, nodding again. He tries to take the pipe from Richie’s hand, but the other boy pulls it away.

“Uh-uh, Byers,” he says. “We’re doing this my way.”

“Your way?” Will asks, voice a mixture of sarcasm and confusion.

“My way,” Richie confirms, flicking the Zippo open then closed twice, a sound that Will has become accustomed to since they started dating. “You know what shotgunning is?”

or, the ryers shotgunning fic that no one asked for.

shotgun shot through the heart

Author's Note:

a few notes about this fic:

- this is a crossover fic where richie and mike are not related in any way (not that it really matters, as mike isn't even mentioned).
- this is a modern au.
- the boys are aged up, even if it isn't specifically mentioned. i imagined them to be about 19/20 when i wrote this.
- i do not condone or recommend the illegal/underage use of drugs.
- richie and will have been dating for about a year when this fic takes place.

uh, i think that's all from me! but thanks to erin for beta-ing and cheerleading, as always!

(title taken from "getaway car" by taylor swift)

"You mind?"

Will looks up from his sketchbook at the sound of his boyfriend's voice. Richie is holding up his pipe and lighter, asking Will's permission.

Even though he doesn't care, and neither does his mother— "*frankly, I like him better when he's high; he's much quieter*"— Will appreciates the fact that Richie always asks before he smokes in the house. It's one of the few things that he does that gives a brief glimpse to the soft, *human* side he's buried under layers of sarcasm and satire.

"Go ahead." Will answers, going back to shading in Richie's curls with his pencil. He's been drawing him for the last twenty minutes or so, laying on his stomach with his feet hanging off his bed.

Will's always firmly believed that Richie has the perfect bone structure, and his sketchbook is filled with page after page of pencil

drawings labeled things like *Richie Reading a Comic Book* or *Richie Watching Ferris Bueller for the Eightieth Time*. This current one had been labeled *Richie Watching Me Draw* before Richie started smoking, and now Will thinks he'll probably erase the title and change it to something more fitting.

Richie takes a hit, coughing a little just like he always does when he takes the first one. Will watches, eyes roaming over the slight pink at the tops of Richie's cheeks— he's always wanted to draw Richie blushing, but he's pretty sure that shade of pink doesn't exist in any sort of pencil or oil pastel. It probably doesn't exist anywhere else besides in Richie's skin.

Richie takes another hit, not even bothering to wait for the first one to kick in. A few minutes later, he's resting his head back against the headboard, a lazy grin spreading across his face.

"Can I see?" He asks after a beat of silence. Will nods, pushing himself off his stomach so he can sit down next to Richie. He hands over the sketchbook, watching as Richie's smile turns to one of pride. "Fuck, you're so talented, Will." Will shrugs.

"I guess," he says, reaching a hand up to brush a loose curl out of Richie's eyes. "I can't ever get your hair right. It's like a freaking paradox."

"I think it looks perfect." Richie leans down to kiss him gently and Will breaks away, scrunching up his nose. Richie raises his eyebrows.

"You taste like weed," Will explains at Richie's questioning look. Richie runs his tongue over his teeth, shrugging.

"Always, babe." He giggles at his own stupid comment, pressing a kiss to Will's cheek instead as he hands the sketchbook back to him. "Seriously, though. It's really good. They always are."

Richie reaches for the pipe again, retrieving it and his Zippo from Will's bedside table and leaning the flame down into the bowl. He hisses when it grazes his thumb and adjusts his angle before bringing the pipe to his mouth and breathing in deep.

Will watches all of this with fascination. It's not like he hasn't seen Richie smoke a thousand times before, it's just... he likes to watch. There's always been something weirdly attractive to him about Richie smoking.

"You want to try?" Richie's voice breaks him out of his thoughts. His eyes are soft, gentle, matching the tone of his voice so Will knows there's no pressure to say yes.

He's offered before, always in the comfort of Will's room, and Will has never felt judged when he's said no. But he's also always been curious, and there's something about Richie that makes him feel safe enough to try something new, so he nods.

"Really?" Richie asks, searching Will's face for doubt. Will is sure there's a lot of it, but not in a way that means he's trying to force himself.

"Yeah," Will says, nodding again. He tries to take the pipe from Richie's hand, but the other boy pulls it away.

"Uh-uh, Byers," he says. "We're doing this my way."

"Your way?" Will asks, voice a mixture of sarcasm and confusion.

"My way," Richie confirms, flicking the Zippo open then closed twice, a sound that Will has become accustomed to since they started dating. "You know what shotgunning is?"

Will nods, because he's a teenager with a Tumblr account and working wifi, so *obviously* he knows what shotgunning is.

"Awesome." Richie says, a hint of delight in his voice. Will rolls his eyes when he hears it. "Come get in my lap." Will does so obediently, settling into the familiarity of Richie's body.

"Okay, what do I do?" Will asks because, even though he knows what shotgunning is, he has no idea what he's supposed to do as the recipient. Richie doesn't answer right away, choosing instead to lean forward and capture Will's lips in a gentle, but biting kiss. Will relaxes into it almost instantly, handing control over to Richie and moaning when Richie licks into his mouth.

“I love you.” Richie mutters when he pulls back, brushing his nose affectionately against Will’s.

“Love you too.” Will says with a smile. “Now focus, Richie.” He shoves his boyfriend’s shoulder gently and Richie clears his throat.

“Right, okay.” Richie says after a second. “Basically I just need you to open your mouth and breathe in when I breathe out, okay? It may take us a couple of tries, but that’s the gist of it.”

“Okay.” Will says, nodding as Richie leads the flame back to the bowl of the pipe.

Surprisingly, it only takes them two tries— it probably only would have taken one, but Richie gets distracted the first time and forgets what he’s supposed to be doing. Just as he starts to exhale, when Will is ready to start breathing in, he seems to lose himself in the taste of Will’s mouth again instead. The smoke filters out between their lips as they kiss messily, noisily. Not that Will’s complaining; he kisses back with just as much enthusiasm. That sort of thing is such a common occurrence, that Will isn’t even all that surprised when it happens.

But the second time, when Richie takes Will’s jaw in his hand, it works. He pulls gently, guiding Will’s mouth open and breathing out. Will catches Richie’s eyes as he breathes in and manages to take most of what the other boy gives. Richie releases his chin then, and Will holds the smoke as long as he can— which is to say, about two seconds— before he’s coughing and Richie is rubbing a hand across his back.

“It’s okay, baby.” He mutters, pressing a sweet kiss into Will’s hair. “Cough it out.”

And Will doesn’t have to be told twice, because his lungs are fighting against the intrusion with everything they’ve got. But, if he’s being honest, the burn isn’t entirely unpleasant.

“Here.” Richie turns away to grab something off the nightstand and is pressing a water bottle into Will’s palm a second later. Will nods his thanks and takes a few sips, easing his throat. After the coughing

subsides, he tips his head back and takes a few deep, clean breaths.

“Shit,” he finally says after a few minutes. Richie laughs and nods.

“Yeah, shit.” He agrees, still rubbing his hand between Will’s shoulder blades. “That was so good though, Will; I’m fucking impressed. It was a big hit.” Will’s cheeks burn at the praise as Richie nuzzles his nose against the smaller boy’s jaw.

“Okay, let’s do it again.” Will says after a minute of silence. Richie pulls back from where he was resting his forehead against Will’s chest.

“Are you sure?” He asks, a slightly worried look passing through his eyes. “You don’t—”

“Richie, come on.” Will says, nudging his knee into Richie’s side for emphasis.

“Okay, okay.”

They’re marginally more successful this time: Will’s coughing fit is a little less intense and doesn’t last as long as the first time. Richie, once again, praises him for how well he does and Will feels a swell of pride in his chest.

He takes a third, still coughing, but the burn in his lungs is less painful than before. Will links their fingers together afterwards and settles a little sideways into Richie’s lap as Richie takes another couple of hits on his own.

Will can feel himself getting really high... he thinks. He’s never been high before but he’s pretty sure this is what it must be like. His face feels heavy right under his eyes and he can’t stop smiling. He’s also almost positive he hasn’t said a word since he took that last hit. Or has he? Maybe he’s been talking the whole time. Has Richie been responding? Fuck, have they been having a conversation?

“You look so fucking cute right now.” Richie mumbles, mouth on Will’s jaw all of a sudden. He pulls away and looks up at Will through long eyelashes and thick glasses. “You have the dopiest grin on your

face and I wish you could see it through my eyes.”

There’s the sound of Richie’s thumb against the wheel of his Zippo and then he’s taking another hit. He raises his eyebrows to Will who shakes his head and declines the offer. Richie holds in the smoke for a few seconds before blowing it away from Will’s face. Will watches a tendon in Richie’s neck strain against his skin as he turns away.

A whimper leaves Will’s throat without his permission and Richie’s eyes are on him a moment later, fingers reaching out to grab onto his chin gently. His lighter and the pipe are abandoned on Will’s bedside table.

“What’s wrong?” He asks, searching his boyfriend’s face with surprisingly clear eyes. Will shakes his head.

“Nothing, that was just—” He clears his throat. “It was kinda hot.” He doesn’t know why he says it. (Okay, yeah he does. Smoking has apparently removed the filter between his brain and his mouth and now his thoughts are flowing just a little more freely than normal.)

Eh. Fuck it.

“Like, really hot,” Will says, looping his arms around the taller boy’s neck and pressing his body into Richie’s a little more. He realizes a bit belatedly that he’s already half-hard in his jeans; he really only notices it when Richie starts and looks down.

“Will, are you—?” Richie swallows and looks up into Will’s eyes again. “Does me smoking turn you on?” His gaze is lacking its usual glint; he’s just genuinely fascinated by the idea. Will tries to work his bottom lip between his teeth but it’s just too heavy and he can’t keep a grip on it.

“Maybe a little,” he admits sheepishly.

“Oh my god, why do I love that?” Richie attaches his mouth to Will’s throat, hands pressing into the smaller boy’s back to keep him in place. Will moans softly, fingers slipping into Richie’s familiar curls easily.

Richie's biting down on his skin now and Will really, desperately wants to say something sexy or clever but nothing comes to mind. So he just lets out a whine and rocks his hips forward. He hears and feels Richie's answering groan against his neck.

"You make the prettiest fucking sounds, you know that?" Richie mutters, guiding the movements of Will's hips into something resembling a rhythm. "I love being the reason you make them."

Will tries, once again, to find it in him to respond, but the words just won't come. Apparently the filter has returned, but at double the force. Instead, he just pulls on Richie's hair, a silent plea of *keep going*. From the smirk against his skin, he knows Richie gets the message.

"I love it when you're loud for me." Richie continues, hands sliding over Will's ass as he bucks his hips up in time with Will's own movements. "Love it when I'm fucking you and you tell me exactly how you want it. The way you always blush when you tell me you want it harder. God, I love it when you say you want it harder."

Will buries his face in Richie's neck, unable to keep a self-conscious groan from escaping his throat. Richie's always had a foul mouth and Will has always loved it, embarrassingly so. Loves the way Richie says things that turn his cheeks red.

"Fuck— can I touch you, Will, please?" Richie asks, mouth right next to Will's ear. "I want to make you come so bad, baby."

"*Please.*" The word bursts from Will's chest and Richie jumps into action, instantly working at the button of his jeans. He fumbles with it a couple of times but finally pops it open and, after taking a moment to lick his palm, worms his hand into Will's briefs. Will chokes out a moan when Richie finally wraps it around him.

"You have to stop wearing such tight pants, babe." Richie mutters absentmindedly. Will ignores him, used to the dumb, unrelated commentary that spills forth every time they mess around. It always seems like Richie's brain is fifty other places, but Will knows it's not.

He knows it's right here with him.

Richie starts slow, nice and easy strokes that drive Will crazy because it's so good but also *not enough*. He knows it's purposeful, knows that Richie wants him to talk. To ask him for more.

"Richieeee," he whines, tugging on Richie's curls again.

"Hmm?" Richie asks, but he's running his thumb over the head of Will's cock as he does, making it extremely hard for him to answer. Will pushes his hips forward into Richie's grip, trying to convey the message without words. But Richie keeps the same pace, shaking his head. "Come on, you know how this works."

And *fuck him*, because Will does know how this works. All he has to do is ask and Richie will give him anything he wants. As soon as Richie realized that Will's a little shy in terms of asking for what he wants, he decided to exploit it, and Will hates himself for finding it kind of hot.

"Talk to me, baby." Richie whispers, stroking the hair at the back of Will's neck gently, encouragingly. "I know you can."

"Richie..." Will finally breathes, pressing his forehead into Richie's chin a little. "Faster, please." His voice is small, and he's a little embarrassed, but also *so fucking turned on*. Richie hums in approval.

"That's so good, baby." He whispers, squeezing the base of Will's cock before he picks up speed. "So good for me."

Will cries out, gripping onto Richie's hair harder and making the other boy suck in a sharp breath.

"Richie, oh *fuck*." Will actually whimpers a little as his hips stutter forward and Richie groans, low and loud.

"God, I love it when you say *fuck*." Richie tilts his head back, pushing up to press a kiss to Will's mouth. Will responds immediately, lips parting to let Richie's tongue in. Richie twists his wrist on the upstroke and Will has to break away to cry out something that sort of

sounds like the first half of Richie's name. Vaguely, Will can feel Richie, hard as hell and grinding against his leg. The realization only turns him on more.

"Richie, I'm—" Will's words break into a gasp as Richie thumbs over the head of his cock again.

"I know." Richie mutters, arousal causing his voice to crack halfway through. He dips his head to kiss along the hinge of Will's jaw. "Come on, Will. Come for me, baby." Will feels Richie bite down hard on his skin, and suddenly he's screwing his eyes shut and coming into Richie's hand and a little down his own shirt.

Richie strokes him through the aftershocks, sucking another mark into his neck. He only stops when he feels Will's body jerk from the overstimulation, pulling his hand away to wipe it on the sheets.

"Good?" Richie asks, kissing the spot behind Will's ear. He always asks, even at times like this, when he's just finished watching Will fall to fucking *pieces* in his arms. Will nods, pressing a kiss to Richie's lips and re-adjusting himself in his boyfriend's lap so that he has a knee planted firmly on either side of his hips.

"So good, Richie," he says into his boyfriend's mouth. "Really good."

While he's still feeling this good, still running on a burst of confidence (definitely with the assistance of the marijuana in his system), he moves his hands to the tie of Richie's ridiculously oversized shorts. He can feel Richie through the fabric, so hard that it's got to be painful.

"Will, I have to warn you." Richie mutters against his lips. "That was so hot, I—I'm probably going to embarrass myself here."

Will shakes his head fondly, tugging at the waistbands of Richie's shorts and boxers and wrapping a hand around his boyfriend's dick once it's free. The sound that comes from deep in Richie's chest as Will strokes him a couple of times is only a testament to how close he already is.

“Don’t care.” He says, mouth finding its way up Richie’s jaw to his ear. “Wanna blow you.”

“Oh my god.” Richie’s hips push forward once, twice, and then he’s coming suddenly and *hard*, catching them both off-guard. “Jesus, Will.”

Despite the small amount of disappointment floating around in Will’s gut at not being able to take Richie apart with his mouth, there’s something intensely satisfying about feeling his body shake through the orgasm. He’s got his forehead pressed into Will’s chest, gripping onto the smaller boy’s shirt with one of his hands.

“I love you.” Richie whispers, pressing a kiss to Will’s neck once he comes down. “I love you so much.” Will smiles softly, a little proudly at Richie as he wipes his hand on Richie’s shorts and leans down to kiss him. Despite his still-heavy breaths, Richie kisses back eagerly, dropping his mouth open and sighing a little.

“I really did want to blow you.” Will admits, pressing a kiss to the side of Richie’s mouth. Richie groans under him at the idea.

“I warned you.” He manages a smirk as he uses one hand to adjust his clothes back into place, the other holding Will steady in his lap. “But if you give me like an hour—“

“If I’m giving you an hour, you’d better be planning to fuck me.” Even Will seems a little surprised by his own words. The filter is gone again, maybe just for the moment, but he relishes it while he can. Revels in the bright, shocked look in Richie’s eyes. Richie clears his throat to counteract the fact his eyes are as wide as dinner plates.

“Oh my god, I fucking love you, Will Byers.” Richie wraps a hand around the back of his neck and drags him down for a kiss. “I need to get you high way more often.”

As Will kisses him back, slow but eager, he can’t help but agree.

Author's Note:

thank you so much for reading!

drop a comment below letting me know what you think! ps: i'm definitely planning to write more for these boys!

follow me on tumblr, @devilstrip.